Ham. Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor; suite the action to the word, the word to the action, with this speciall observance, that you ore-step not the modestie of Nature: For any thing so ore-done is from the purpose of playing, whose end both at first, and now, was and is, to hold as 'twere the Mirrour up to nature, to shew vertue her feature, scorne her owne image, and the very age and body of the time his forme and pressure: now this over-done, or come tardy of, though it makes the unskilfull laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of which one must in your allowance ore-weigh a whole Theater of others. O there be Players that I have seene play, and heard others praise, and that highly, not to speak it profanely, that neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gate of Christian, Pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of Natures Journy-men had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

Play. I hope we have reformed that indifferently with us.

Ham. O reforme it altogether: and let those that play your Clownes speake no more than is set downe for them, for there be of them that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantitie of barren spectators to laugh too, though in the meane time some necessary question of the Play be then to be considered: that's villanous, and shewes a most pitifull ambition in the Foole that uses it: goe, make you ready. How now my Lord? will the King heare this piece of worke?

Enter Polonius, Guyldensterne, and Rosencraus.

Pol. And the Queene too, and that presently.

Ham. Bid the Players make haste. Will you two help to hasten them.

Ros. I my Lord. *Exeunt those two.*

Ham. What hoe, *Horatio?*

Hora. Here sweet Lord, at your service.

Ham. Horatio, thou art een as just a man
As ere my conversation cop't withall.

Hora. O my deare Lord.

Ham. Nay, doe not thinke I flatter,
For what advancement may I hope from thee
That no revenue hast but thy good spirits
To feed and cloath thee? why should the poor be flattered?

No,

No, let the candied tongue
And crooke the pregnant h
Where thrift may follow fa
Since my deare soule was M
And could of men distingu
Sh'ath seal'd thee for her sel
As one in suffering all that
A man that fortunes buffet
Hast ta'n with equall thank
Whose blood and judgeme
That they are not a pipe fo
To sound what stop she ple
That is not passions slave,
In my hearts core, I, in my
As I doe thee. Something
There is a play to night be
One Scene of it comes nee
Which I have told thee o
I prethee when thou seest
Even with the very comm
Observe my uncle: if his c
Doe not it selfe unkennell
It is a damned Ghost that
And my imaginations are
As *Vulcans* stithy: give hi
For I mine eyes will rivet
And after we will both ou
In censure of his seeming.

Hora. Well my Lord,
If a steale ought the whilst
And scape detection, I wi

Enter Trumpets
Quee

Ham. They are comming
Get you a place.

King. How fares our Co

Ham. Excellent ifaith.
Of the Cameleons dish, I